

# The Standard-Examiner Sunday Feature Section

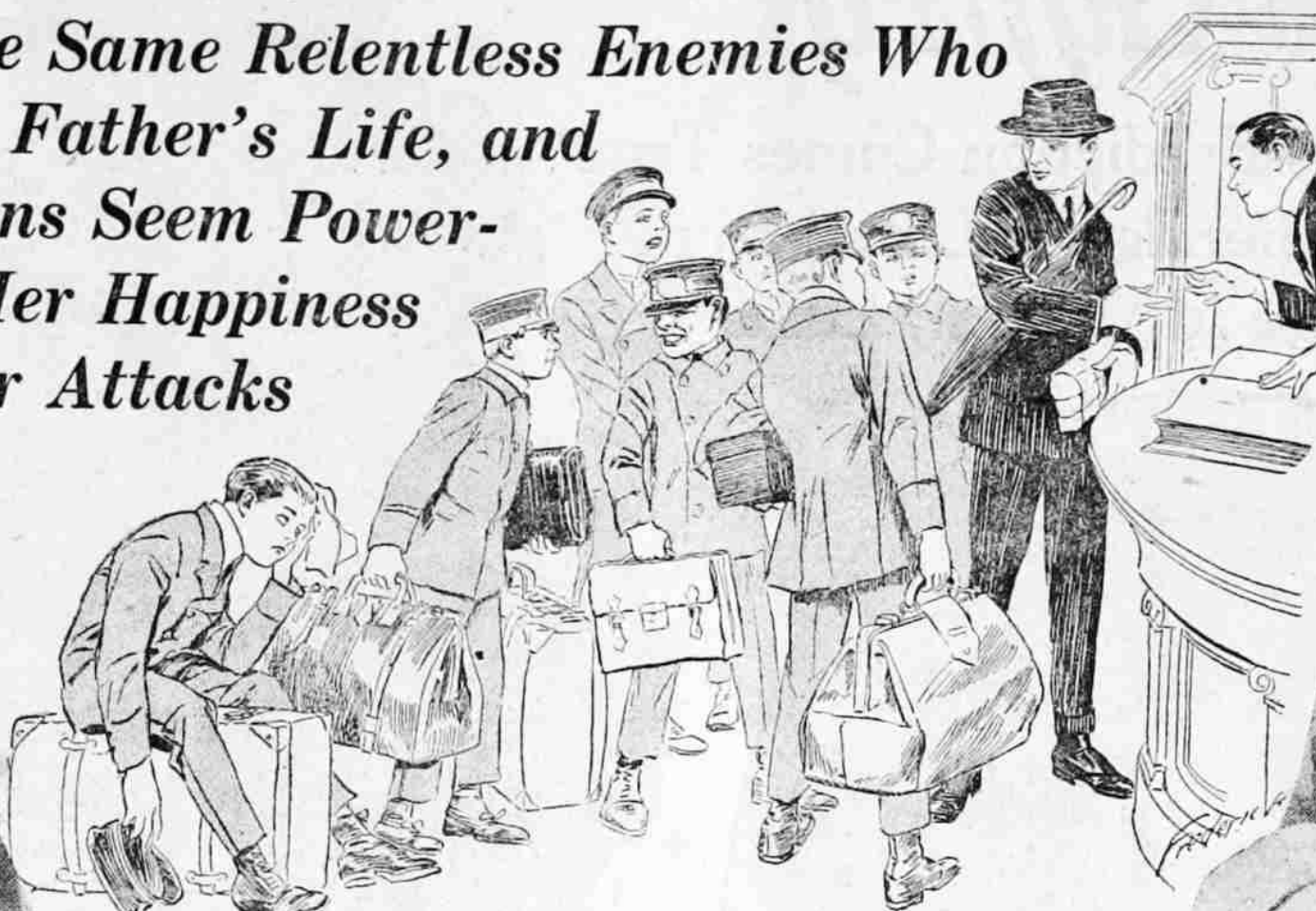
## "Emperor" Lebaudy's Heiress and Her Sad Heritage of Hate

**Pursued by the Same Relentless Enemies Who Wrecked Her Father's Life, and All Her Millions Seem Powerless to Save Her Happiness from Their Attacks**

Jacqueline Lebaudy, whose distressing recent experiences are believed to prove that the foe her father lived continually in dread of were realities and not the phantoms of a diseased brain



Mrs. Jacques Lebaudy, who shot and killed her multi-millionaire husband



"Wherever 'Emperor' Lebaudy went he was followed by a little army of messenger boys carrying bags that bulged with hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of stocks and bonds—deeds and mortgages—gold, silver and bank notes."



The late Jacques Lebaudy



Mlle. Lantelme, the famous Parisian beauty, whose mysterious death may have been brought about by the same enemies who so long pursued her friend, Jacques Lebaudy



WHEN "Emperor" Jacques Lebaudy fell dead in his Long Island home with five bullets from his wife's revolver in his body people said, "He was insane; the woman fired in self-defense."

Certainly there were many reasons for thinking the self-styled "Emperor of the Sahara" a crazy man. From the time when he inherited a fortune of \$15,000,000 from his father, the French sugar magnate, and set out to found an empire in Africa, his life had been one that seemed impossible for anybody of normal mind.

After coming to the United States and more than doubling his original inheritance through a series of daring Wall Street speculations his behavior grew more and more peculiar.

For years this multi-millionaire man of mystery led the life of a terror-stricken fugitive. He was continually flitting from one New York hotel to another, often sleeping for only two or three hours in a place before paying his bill and seeking a room in some hotel blocks away. And wherever he went he was followed by a little army of messenger boys carrying bags that bulged with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds—deeds and mortgages—gold, silver and bank notes. The public, and even some of his closest friends, thought this dodging about, and the look of nervous dread that seldom left his face, and his anxiety to have most of his wealth within reach of his hand the vagaries of a hopelessly diseased brain. What except insanity, they said, could make a man refuse to settle down and enjoy his millions?

But now it is beginning to be believed that it was something more than the phantoms of madness that made Jacques Lebaudy a hunted creature. Although the fears that preyed on him for so many years may in the end have unseated his reason, there nevertheless was, it is thought, a very tangible basis for these fears.

Many things that have happened since his death make it seem probable that what filled Jacques Lebaudy with such apprehension were real flesh-and-blood beings—strangely persistent and implacable enemies whose thirst for revenge could be satisfied only by depriving Lebaudy of his wealth or dipping their hands in his life blood.

And now these mysterious foes, cheated of their vengeance in Lebaudy's lifetime, are pursuing his daughter, Jacqueline, as relentlessly as they did the old "Emperor."

As a result the little heiress to a fortune of more than \$30,000,000, instead of being one of the happiest of girls is one of the unhappiest. Along with her

millions she has apparently received from her dead father a sad heritage of hate—a heritage that threatens to make a wreck of her life in spite of all her mother's devotion, her great wealth and the efforts of an army of detectives can do.

Even the girl's honeymoon with the man she seemed to love and who seemed to love her very deeply has been clouded by these shadows from her father's life. And now she and her mother have been driven, just as old "Emperor" Lebaudy was, to hide themselves away, exiles from all the enjoyment of life that might be theirs.

When the law accepted Lebaudy's alleged dangerous insanity as a fact and acquitted his widow of the charge of murder, almost everybody who had been following this tense real-life drama felt relieved and pleased. Now, it was thought, Jacqueline and her mother would have a chance to make up for the misery they had endured during the last years of the "Emperor's" life.

But these hopes were never realized, for the heritage of hate quickly began to exert its malign influence over mother and daughter.

Before they were fairly settled down to enjoyment of the new life which Lebaudy's death made possible their peace of mind was destroyed by a series of strange occurrences which can be explained only by the theory that the enemies who dogged the "Emperor of the Sahara" for so many years are now pursuing his wife and daughter.

On three different nights their home was broken into, and on one of these occasions the two women were chloroformed while the house was ransacked. The surprising thing about these burglaries was that no money, jewelry or silverware was taken.

What they came in search of they apparently knew was to be found among Lebaudy's voluminous private papers which filled several rooms in the house. Each time the house was broken into

these papers were left in the greatest confusion—strewn about the rooms as if every one of them had been carefully examined.

Whether the visitors to the house found what they came after was impossible to say. Lebaudy's lawyers could throw no light on the mystery for even now they have not had time to examine a tenth part of the private papers which the old "Emperor" left hidden in all sorts of unexpected places. If Mrs. Lebaudy had any inkling as to the nature of the precious document that was sought among the records of her husband's adventurous life she kept it a secret.

Her alarm was increased by two attempts that were made about this time to open the grave of Jacques Lebaudy in a nearby cemetery. Each time the ghouls were frightened away by chance passers-by before they had succeeded in reaching the casket.

Distracted Mrs. Lebaudy set armed guards to watch over the grave. She engaged numerous detectives to follow her and Jacqueline about. And then, closing her palatial Long Island home, she and the girl took up the same sort of gypsy existence Jacques Lebaudy had so long led.

Henri Sudreau, a prepossessing young Frenchman who was one of the detectives hired to guard her, ripened into love. Soon after their arrival in Paris they were married.

But even love and marriage, it seemed, could not free the young heiress' shoulders of the dreadful burden of her father's heritage of hate.

Before the honeymoon was fairly begun the bride fled from her devoted husband's arms. There was no quarrel, he said—she simply vanished without a word of explanation.

When worried young Henri Sudreau finally succeeded in tracking his wife to the obscure village where she had hidden herself he found she had taken her mother with her. Mrs. Lebaudy refused to let him or his father see the girl. She declared the marriage had been only one of convenience—to enable Jacqueline to come at once into full inheritance of her huge fortune.

Paris began to buzz with all sorts of rumors. It was said that the Sudreus, father and son, would bring suit, and that the husband could claim half of Jacqueline's fortune under the French law if she should divorce him. Most surprising of all were the stories that the machinations of fortune tellers and sorcerers had torn the little heiress from her husband—that their "evil eye" had blighted the flower of her love.

The part fortune tellers are said to have played in bringing Jacqueline's honeymoon to a dismal end strengthens the suspicion that the girl is being plotted against by the same mysterious enemies who pursued her father. This would not be the first time such charlatans have been used to obtain the confidence of a victim in order that harm might be done her.

What it was that Jacques Lebaudy did to bring on himself the bitter hatred that persists even to the second genera-

tion has never been revealed. Was he guilty of the murder of some companion of his early adventures? Did he rob some of his associates of their share of a fortune? Did he hide away the secret of some fabulous treasure?

Before his marriage Jacques Lebaudy was a close friend of Lantelme, the famous French beauty. It has been suggested that the men or women who sent Lantelme to her death may have been the same who pursued Lebaudy so relentlessly and are now trying to wreak their vengeance on his daughter.

A study of Lebaudy's career after he came to the United States to live shows that all but a very few of his so-called eccentricities can be explained by his knowledge that desperate enemies were plotting against him. And these few developed toward the end of his life, when his reason might easily have be-

come unseated by the realities of which he had so long been in dread.

He carried food about in his pockets because he was afraid of being poisoned if he ate in hotels or restaurants. He dodged from one hotel to another and often vanished from his usual haunts for weeks at a time in the hope of throwing his pursuers off his trail. He carried much of his wealth about with him in order that he might be able to bargain for his life in case his enemies finally should trap him.

Even his plans for establishing an empire in Africa and a kingdom in Bolivia may not have been as crazy as the world thought. Seated on a throne, with an army of hired mercenaries to protect him, he would have been infinitely safer from his enemies than he ever could be as a plain citizen of France or the United States.